

Taber Free Press

Provincial Library

VOL. 1, NO. 36

TABER, ALBERTA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1907

\$1.50 YEARLY

Drs. Lang & Leech
Physicians, Surgeons, Accoucheurs
Consultations: 9 to 12, 2 to 5, 7 to 8
W. H. LANG, M.D. West second st. north
G. W. LEECH, M.D. 2nd door E Union hotel
Offices Douglas Block

L. P. Wallace, B.C.L.
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public
Solicitor for the Eastern Townships
Bank Loans and Insurance

American Cafe and Bakery
P. N. BOURDAGES, Proprietor
Short Order house for travelling men
Meals and Lunches all the time

W. BRUSH CRUBB
Insurance: Fire, Life, Accident
Reeves Traction Engines.
REAL ESTATE

Hanson & Birch
Mastering Contractors
Estimates given for all classes
of work in this line. All work
done in a satisfactory manner

Notice ! !

Do You Know

Why you should buy land in
Taber District, or lots in the
Town of Taber?

Do You Know

What is coming to Taber and
this District during the next
eighteen months?

Ask Us

And we will tell you some-
thing that may interest you.

M. C. Knowles

LANDS
INVESTMENTS
At Royal Hotel, Taber, Alberta,

HEAD OFFICE:
Duluth Minnesota

JOE HOW
Restaurant

ough Street, Taber.
**Fruit,
Bakery,
Confectionery.**

Open Night and Day

**Don't Freeze
Next Winter !**

Call and see our lines of
Cook Stoves, Ranges,
and Heaters.

Hot Water and Hot Air
Furnaces Installed.

Shields

**The
Tinner**

"Patronizing" the "Old Country."

ABSD PRACTICE OF A FEW
IGNORANT AND PREJUDICED
CANADIANS.

In the Calgary Herald an article
appeared lately, entitled "The Roar
of the Lion," in which a few plain
things are said about the Old Country
and the manner in which a few
Canadians regard it. There are some
people who say that they do not give
a red cent for the Old Country and
brag about being exclusive Canadians.
We rejoice that this is not a trait of
the majority of Canadians. We are
loyal to Great Britain. In the east
is the loyalty of self-interest; in the
west is the loyalty of breed and tradition.
In the words of the article
referred to above:—

"I should like to tell you that my
country, far from being old and out-
worn, is in the very flush and dawn
of its manhood, that it is the greatest
country in the world, that it has the
pleasantest customs, the most agree-
able manners, and infinitely the
strongest arm of any nation under
the firmament. Further, I should
like to tell you that without my
country—the 'Old Country' as you
obligingly call it—your country could
not exist for three agitations of a
gopher's tail; and further, that if
you were to cut the painter to-
morrow it would not interrupt a
single cricket match in England, or
cool a single bowl of porridge on the
western slopes of our Scottish High-
lands. If you will journey to British
Columbia and engage yourself in con-
versation with the old-timers, you
will find that what I have told you
is their own settled and well-reasoned
conclusion. No, young gentleman,
be calm and receptive. I will not
brook an interruption. 'The Old
Country' is on its legs. 'The Lion is
roaring. Be as good as to chew gum,
spitting as little as possible to your
convenience, until I have finished
this discourse."

What the Old Country Does.

"Now, young gentleman, I wish
you particularly to bear in mind the
following considerations whenever
you hear your simple people talking
hot air about the Old Country. It is
from our islands that we send every
year, out of our schools and univer-
sities, young and healthy boys, who
rule vast provinces, and whom with
justice millions of alien people. They
ask no one to wave flags, but they
maintain peace throughout India.
They ask no one to sing 'Rule
Britannia,' but they sow with corn

the desert of Egypt! Consider the
miracle of Egypt! That work is the
miracle of the Old Country—the
work of her boys. From the same
Old Country we draw boys who
crowd the ships of Britain and pro-
tect on every sea the commerce of
people kind enough to fly the Union
Jack, and unkind enough to speak
amusefully of the 'Old Country.'
From the same country is directed
the Consular service of which a noble
use is made, without fee, by our
hard-headed Britons beyond the seas.

"The health of the people of the
Old Country, their share in the re-
finements of civilization, their wealth,
their strength and their learning
continue to increase. Our men of
science, our theologians, our pub-
licists and newspapers illumine the
world. Our politicians are long-
headed, honorable men. Our bank-
ing business and our insurance busi-
ness inhabit the lofty places of
security. There is nothing in all the
world like the Manchester Ship
Canal and the dockyard at Ports-
mouth. We have a perfect post-
office. We have judges beyond the
reach of bribes, newspapers beyond
the reach of corruption, politicians
who cannot be got at. Our hospitals
are the wonder of the world. Our
charity is prodigious. The kindness
and sweetness of our home life is not
to be matched. We are civilized.
We work, but we also live. We are
rich, but we are also human. Listen,
I pray you. This Great Britain of
ours, young gentleman, is hopeful
about its colonies, and is proud of its
colonies; but a hen, even when her
chickens have learned to peck for
themselves, can still lay eggs. Pray
do not think that Britannia is dod-
dering. Britannia is no fool. Britan-
nia is quite well, I thank you. If
you prefer American customs and
manners; if you would desire the
American spirit and not the British
spirit to inspire your politics, your
home life, your administration of the
law, your literature and your art—go
before an audience of old-timers and
propose an application to Washington
for painless absorption. But what-
ever line you follow, be so good as to
remember, when you speak of the
'Old Country,' that Great Britain
protects you, that Great Britain is
flourishing in the van of nations, and
wherever you hear the name of Great
Britain, if you cannot go so far as to
take off your hat, at least refrain
from —. The spittoon, I observe,
is prolific in your country."

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from —. The spittoon, I observe,
is prolific in your country."

Entertainers Coming

Taber is shortly to be favored by a
visit from the well-known enter-
tainers, Dickenson and Badgley.
Miss Dickenson is a soloist of rare
ability, having sung as soprano soloist
in the leading churches in Toronto.
Miss Badgley is a gold medalist in
expression, of Whitby College, where
she received the degree of M.E. She
is also a graduate of Emerson College
of Oratory, Boston, Mass.

Each lady is an artist—each has
had wide experience—each has
proved a professional success which
has secured them a conspicuous
place among entertainers. The con-
cert-loving public of Taber can look
forward to an exceptional treat upon
the occasion of this visit.

J. W. Kilgore, of Grassy Lake,
who was brought to town in a
hopeless condition and operated on
last week by Doctors Lang and
Leech, is recovering very speedily. The
case was one of severe strangulated
hernia, and was considered hopeless.
The doctors, however, performed a
successful operation and the life of
the patient was saved.

"Don'ts" for Taberites

Don't knock the town. If you
have nothing good to say of it, say
nothing.

Don't do anything to injure the
man who is engaged in legitimate
business.

Don't imagine that if you take a
few daily outside papers you can
afford to do without the Taber Free
Press. There are many wants we
can supply that do not come from
the big dailies.

Don't abuse your neighbor. There
is so much good in the worst of us,
and so much ill in the best of us,
that it does not become any of us to
criticize the rest of us.

Don't send away for everything
you want and still expect the home
men to cater to the whims of one or
two customers.

Don't imagine that property is of
no value because it is not situated in
your part of the town.

Don't wobble. There is one sort
of man we do not want here, and
that is the wobbler—the man on the
fence, who is always slipping about,
dreaming, apologizing, never daring
to take a firm stand on anything.
Everybody despises him. He is a
weakling. Better a thousand times
have the reputation for being ecen-
tric, peculiar and cranky even than
never to stand for anything.

Don't expect everything at once.
Electric lights will come. Water-
works will come as soon as the Town
Fathers see fit. In the meantime,
do not grumble for the lack of these
things. They cost money and can't
all be got at once.

Alberta's Test

(Lethbridge Herald.)

The season of 1907 will go down
in the annals of Alberta as the season
of her most severe testing and of a
remarkable triumph. From seed-
time to harvest the elements seemed
to be against her success. The
spring was very late and backward.
Those who were intending to sow
spring grains feared that the grain
never would be sowed. In many
parts of the province, even after
seeding, the weather was cold and
wet, unfavorable to the best growth
of either fall or spring grain. But
better weather came, and, although
off to a bad start, the grain made
marvellous growth with promise
of tremendous yield. But at the time
that the grain usually ripens the
rains kept falling, preventing this
process, so that many feared that
frost would come before the grain
was ready to harvest. Then the
snow came, flattening and covering
it, and in many places severe frosts
followed as if to make one last des-
perate effort to prevent a crop.

But, in spite of it all, the native
strength of Alberta's soil and air,
aided by the agricultural skill of her
people, has overcome all obstacles,
and to-day the province has come
through as safely as any portion of
country in America, and Southern
Alberta has not only equalled the
present records of other provinces
and states, but is able to boast, with-
out fear of contradiction, of the
greatest crop ever produced in any
part of America in this or any other
year on record.

Never in her agricultural history
has Alberta had such difficulties to
overcome. Probably never again
will the season be so unfavorable.
This season has been Alberta's test-
ing time. She has proven that, even
under adverse circumstances, this
fair province is a safe agricultural
country.

An Extensive Line of Compasses for Land Seekers Goggles and Eye Protectors for Threshers

**The Alberta Drug & Stationery Co
Limited.**
Near Royal Hotel

Eastern Townships Bank.
CAPITAL, \$3,000,000 RESERVE, \$1,860,000
57 branches and agencies in Canada. 48 years in operation
General Banking Business Conducted
ACCOUNTS SOLICITED
Drafts Sold in all parts of the World
Money orders payable in any bank in Canada (Yukon excepted). United
States, England, Scotland, at following rates
\$5 and under, 03 \$10 to \$50, 10c
\$5 to \$10, 06 \$50 to \$100, 15c
Impossible to lose your money in transmitting it by this method
Taber Branch, C. E. Moe, Manager.

"THE PIONEER MERCHANTS."

By trading with us, you save time, worry and money.

All orders are promptly filled and delivered.

Our goods are always clean, fresh and up-to-date,
and the prices are continually right.

For cash, we are offering a few lines of our high
grade goods at extremely low prices. We will
take great pleasure in showing you these goods.
Ask to see them.

Our constant aim and desire is to please and accom-
modate the public.

The Busy Corner Douglas & Co.

A choice selection of
FARM LANDS & CITY PROPERTY
See us for Woven Wire Fences, etc.

**Westlake &
Standerwick**
Big tracts of land \$6.50 per acre up.
EAST TERMS.

E. N. Harding Co.

Harness, saddles, whips, robes,
blankets and everything for your
horse. Special attention given to
orders of all kinds

SEE OUR STOCK OF
HORSE BLANKETS
JUST ARRIVED.

Ready-Mixed Paints, Varnish Stains,
and Art Enamels,
in small cans.

W. H. BALDREY

PAINTER & DECORATOR

Jones & Squires

Painters, Paper Hangers, Sign
Writers, Estimators free

Agents for the famous Best Vapor
Gas Light Co

PEN-ANGLE Guaranteed Underwear

You Can't Cut Out
A ROG SPAYIN or
THEROUGHFIN, but
ABSORBINE


 here same time. Does not blister or
 remove the hair. Will tell you more if
 you write. \$2.00 per bottle, delivered.
 Send 40 cents for
ABSORBINE, JR., for making,
 \$1.00 bottle. Cures Varicose Veins, Var-
 icose, Hydrocele, Ruptured Muscles or
 Ligaments, Bruises, Sprains, Allays Pain.
 Genuine only, only by
W. F. YOUNG, P.O.F., 137 Westmouth St., Springfield, Mass.
LEMAN SONS & Co., Montreal, Canadian Agents.
 Also for sale by **W. F. Young & Co., Winnipeg.**
 The National Drug & Chemical Co., Winnipeg and Calgary
 and Henderson Bros. Co. Ltd., Vancouver.

**The Food
That Builds**

Maybe you think of
Mooney's Sodas only as a
toothsome tidbit. Don't
overlook their food value

**Mooney's
Perfection
Cream Sodas**

are made of finest Cana-
dian wheat flour, pure but-
ter and rich cream. There's
nothing else of equal size
and cost that contains so
much wholesome nour-
ishment.

An ideal feed.

All goods have air-tight
and crisp in air-tight packages.

MOONEY'S
PERFECTION
CREAM Soda
MOONEY DISCERNABLE

W. N. U. No. 653

Sweating is removing a portion of the gold from surface of coin. The process does not interfere with the ring, and as the portion removed is ge-

used for this purpose. The small surface of the plugging material where it shows on the edge of the coin is covered with gold and the reeding retouched with a file or machine. The average loss in value to coin

Filling is most commonly done by sawing the coin through from the edge and reeding, removing the interior portion and replacing it with a cheap metal. Coins of all denominations from

[illegible]

For detecting counterfeit coin compare impress, size, weight, ring and general appearance with genuine coin of same period and coinage. The three tests of weight, diameter and thickness should be applied, for it is almost impossible for the counterfeiters to comply with these three tests without using genuine metal.

Courage is fire. Bullying is smoke.
Reaconsfield.

the illuminated sign is a door which opens into the air chambers at the top of the tracks. An iron ladder which runs parallel to the tracks leads to the top of the pig-

MONTREAL TORONTO
221-3 Craig St. W. 3 Osborne St. 422

The Pediatric People
Of Oshawa LONDON WINNIPEG
 22 Dundas St. 75 Lombard St.

ON WINDY VANCOUVER
St. 75 Lombard St. 616 Pender St.

104 **The Pedlar People**

Of Oshawa

MONTREAL 821-3 Grade St. W. **TORONTO** 3 Colborne St. **OTTAWA** 418 Sussex St.
LONDON 2 Dundas St. **WINNIPEG** 13 Lombard St. **VANCOUVER** 614 Pender St.

Call and Inspect Our Stock

Of Bedsteads, Springs and Mattresses, Bedding, Blankets, Comforters, Etc.

Household Furniture, Sewing Machines and Organs.

Carpets and Linoleums.

Washers and Wringers.

Taber Furniture Co.

For

Drugs, Toilet Preparations School Supplies

Go to the

TABER DRUGSTORE

South of town

Magazines and Novels.
Finest Selected Chocolates.

Ervin & Todd

AGENTS FOR

Cockshut Plows, Windmills, etc.

Deering Harvesting Machines.

Canadian Port Huron Co. Engines & Threshers

The Hotel Royal

J. K. Irving, Proprietor

Rates \$1.50 to \$2 per day

Good accommodation for commercial men and the public.

The leading houses of Taber.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS

Lunches Prepared for Travellers and Home-seekers

Give us a Call

Jas. R. Milligan.

Taber Free Press

Advertising Rates on Application
Subscription \$1.50 yearly, in advance
W. A. M. Bellwood, editor and manager

THURSDAY, OCT. 24, 1907

Notes and Comments

The activities on the part of the C.P. Railway, in putting in new side-tracks and freight-sheds relative to their business interests here, go to demonstrate conclusively that that corporation has a lot of faith in Taber.

The Lethbridge Herald has an article on "How to Begin Married Life." It contains advice to govern govern the relation of bride and groom after marriage. Perhaps a great many of us would like to know first what steps are necessary to secure a wife.

Attention of the parents and guardians of the children who attend the school south of the track is called to the fact that some of the young ones who in the habit of playing around the track when trains are passing to and fro. One day last week, just before the Spokane train was due, some of the children were playing on the track, and had it not been for the timely efforts of Mr. Burke, the day operator, serious harm might have resulted. As it was, several spectators held their breath expecting to see the train run over one or two of the young ones who were rather tardy in getting out of the way. Parents and teachers should see that the children are not allowed inside of the fence which cut off the track.

Government Ownership of Public Utilities

Slowly but surely events are moving in the direction of public ownership and control of utilities like the telegraph and telephone systems of the country. In the evolution of society what was unessential to the public utility is being eliminated. It is now the settled policy for the Government to own or control its essential agencies. Advocates of the laissez faire philosophy assert that governments should confine themselves exclusively to the most essential political functions, leaving the economic functions absolutely alone. It should keep the peace, prevent men from robbing or maltreating one another, and preserve the personal liberty of the citizen. They assume that all of the economic needs will be provided by competition, in the best way humanly possible, in quantities and at the rate needed.

In many cases, however, the general interest fails to harmonize with that of the individual. In this situation either government control or government ownership is essential. A couple of weeks ago war was raging between Western papers and the C.P.R. Telegraph Company, the Press asserting that it was not to be at the mercy or dictation of any private corporation. "More and more" our telegraph and telephone systems are coming into the same class of public utilities as the postal system, and therefore government control is economically justified. There are, however, incidental problems to be faced in bringing the system under government control. If the telegraph system had been dealt with in the same manner as the postal system these problems would not exist, but the situation would be different to-day. As it is, the great systems have become firmly rooted, and the change from corporation to public ownership will not be made without a fierce struggle. But the problem must be faced, as it is a business proposition which must be justified by its economic results. As a public utility, operated and controlled by the Government, it will secure a cheaper and more efficient service, the benefits and costs being diffused throughout the community.

Eastern Dominance.

Broadly speaking, the Canadian West is better understood than it was a comparatively few years ago by the outside world. The possibilities of agriculture, the opportunities of settlement and the illimitability of Western resources are undoubtedly better understood in the Eastern part of this continent, in Great Britain and in many parts of Europe, than they were ten years ago.

It may not be possible to prevent Western Canadian progress, but that progress may be handicapped by the misconception and misunderstanding of the dominant minds in the Canadian world of politics and business regarding the details that go largely to the furtherance of that progress.

From time to time royal commissions are formed to investigate and report on affairs or situations of national importance. In these affairs or situations Western Canada is admittedly the important factor. Despite this recognized importance, dominance is frequently given to the Eastern point of view through the majority of the members being men

of Eastern residence and training. In the cabinet councils of the Dominion Government, in the committees of Parliament, questions essentially western are considered by bodies of men of whom only an inconsiderable number have any particular or direct knowledge of Western conditions or Western questions.

The Western point of view is not yet understood by the East, and it is unfortunate that a point of view of the most progressive half of the Dominion should be overshadowed in committee and cabinet in political life, and at dominating financial and commercial boards, by men who simply do not understand.—Winnipeg Telegram.

October Wedding

A very pretty though quiet wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hobson, at three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, when their oldest daughter, Martha May, was united in holy wedlock to George Francis Ridgedale, of Medicine Hat. The bride was attended by Miss Jessie McCutcheon of Medicine, while Mr. Harry Hobson, brother of the bride, ably performed the duties of best man. The bride looked very pretty in the bridal gown of white embroidered silk and wearing a very pretty necklace of gold, with a pendant set with diamonds, the gift from the bridegroom. The ceremony being over a very pretty dinner was served, after which the bride and groom left on a trip to the East. The bride's going-away gown was a beautiful brown lady's cloth. Mr. and Mrs. Ridgedale will be at home on the 1st of December at Medicine Hat, which will be their future home. The Free Press joins their many friends in best wishes for their success and happiness.

Both Feet Mangled By Threshing Machine

YOUNG MAN HUNG BY MANGLED FEET FOR FOUR HOURS UNTIL PHYSICIAN ARRIVED.

Strathcona, Oct. 17th.—A shocking accident occurred a mile and a half west of Ellersli and ten miles from this city, whereby Chris. Schattneider, son of a well-known farmer, sustained injuries which will cripple him for life. He was attending a threshing machine which was in operation, and one of the boxings in the top of the mill having broken, he undertook to fix it without stopping the run. When he stepped on the feed-board, on which was a quantity of green straw, both his feet slipped and went into the cylinder, and were mangled by the teeth.

His comrades were so un-nerved and excited at the accident, and the injured man's protestations when touched were so pitious that he hung there for four hours until Dr. Crang arrived on the scene and released him. Wainwright's ambulance made a fast trip and brought Schattneider to the Strathcona Hospital. Both his feet were amputated, but it is thought that he will recover. The young man is about 24 years of age and a fine specimen of manhood. His gameness throughout his trying ordeal was the wonder and admiration of all who witnessed the sad event.

BIRTHS.

BONETTE—On Saturday the 19th inst., to Mr. and Mrs. Bonette, a son.

RAISBECK—On the 7th inst., to Mr. and Mrs. William Raisbeck, of Reliance, a son.

NILLSON—On the 11th inst., to Mr. and Mrs. A. Nilsson, a son.

STRATTON—On the 20th inst., to Mr. and Mrs. Stratton, a son.

Remember the Kenney-Harvey entertainers, Cousins' Hall, Monday, Nov. 11th. This will be the best concert Taber has ever seen.

CHURCH NOTICES

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints—Sunday School at 10 a. m., every Sunday. Sacrament meeting at 2 p. m. Sunday evening service at 8 p. m.

Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association every Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. Primary Association every Saturday at 3 p. m.

Knox church—Morning service at 11 a. m., followed by Sunday School and Bible class. Evening service 7:30. Wednesday Congregational Prayer Meeting, 8 p. m.

St. Theodore Church—Morning Prayer and Holy Communion on first Sunday in month at 11 a. m.; Evening prayer 7 p. m. Sunday School 11 a. m., except first Sunday in the month; first Sunday in the month school will be at 3 p. m.

Baptist Service—A Baptist service will be held on Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock in the Presbyterian church. All welcome.

If you are going to Build, or require anything in the

WOOD - WORKING LINE,

Call and get prices from

MACDONALD & ROBINSON

BUILDING CONTRACTORS

Opposite McLellan and McIntyre's

Blacksmith Shop

For Acre Building Lots and a limited amount of Farm Land on the

Johnson Addition,

near the Canada West Coal Co's Mine, Taber.

SEE

AARON JOHNSON

FRANK JOHNSON, Agent

EASY TERMS

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 20, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, in the entire of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Office, or by letter to the District Office, which the letter must be accompanied by a sworn statement of the land claimed, signed by the applicant, and witnessed by two disinterested persons, one of whom must be a resident of the district.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than one mile in a direct line, exclusive of the width of the road allowance crossed in the measurement.

(4) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents, or on farming land owned by himself, must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

Six months' notice in writing must be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for notice.

W. W. CORY.

Deputy of the Minister for the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

NOTICE

IT is the intention of the Town Council to purchase Property centrally located for the purpose of erection of a Fire Hall and any other public building that may be deemed necessary for the purposes of the Town. Those having such property for sale are requested to communicate with the Secretary Treasurer, stating prices, etc., and all offers for sale must be in the hands of the Secretary Treasurer not later than the 22nd November.

For any particulars or further information parties may apply to the undersigned.

GEO. C. MILLAR,

Secretary Treasurer.

Dated 23rd October, 1907.

Taber Meat Market

Fresh and salt meats of all kinds

Fish in season, butter, lard and

fresh sausage, lamb and mutton

Canada West Coal & Coke Co., Ltd.

Best Coal on the market

and a good steam producer for

Stationary Boilers.

J. B. Jett & Co

Taber, Alberta

Enterprise Lumber Co.

Building Material of Every Kind

Massey-Harris Farm Machinery

Agent, J. Barton

For business lots and residential lots in the water belt.

SEE

W. W. Douglas

Prices and terms to suit everybody.

Money to loan to assist in improving these properties.

Rogers Cunningham Lumber Co., Limited

Successors to George Rogers

Builders' Supplies

of Every Description, Wholesale and Retail

Lumber, Shingles, Doors, Windows

Moulding, Lime, Lath, Tar Paper

Building Paper, Cedar Fence Posts

J. F. Glaysher, Agent

Yard Along Track, East of Station

Vickery & Co.

Cash Buyers' Union.

FULL LINES OF

Dry Goods, Men's Furnishings, Boots & Shoes, Groceries, Hardware,

	Ac.	Ac.	
MEN'S SUITS, FROM	\$7.75
BOYS' SUITS, FROM	\$9.95
MEN'S OVERCOATS	\$10.50

Exceptional values in Men's and Boys' Sweaters, Fleece-lined Underwear,

Knitted Wool Underwear.

Special Bargains in Men's Socks, Ties, Collars, Fall Caps.

Call and Inspect CASH BUYERS' UNION.

FOR
**Jewelry
Musical Goods
Stationery
Books
Post Cards
Fancy Goods**
VISIT

Westlake Bros.
The Up-to-Date Store

THURSDAY, OCT. 24, 1907

Taber Breezes

Mrs. S. Mitchell arrived in town on Monday night.

John J. Lait, of Medicine Hat, was here on Tuesday.

T. Dewey spent Monday in Lethbridge on business.

J. Hamilton, from Lethbridge, came to town on Tuesday.

J. G. Stephenson went to Calgary on Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Primrose are at Lethbridge to-day.

W. J. Wade, of the R.N.W.M.P., was in town on Sunday.

C. McClenaghan, of Lethbridge, was in town on Tuesday.

Good general servant wanted. Apply to Mrs. W. W. Douglas.

A. C. Flemerick, of Victoria, B.C., spent a day in town last week.

The C.P.R. are laying two more side-tracks in their yards north of the station.

Everybody will attend the Kenney-Harvey concert in Cousins' Hall, November 11th.

E. E. MacGill, of the D. W. Kerr Company, Minneapolis, was in town on business last week.

The lumber is here for the new freight-sheds which the C.P.R. will build west of the station.

John Flynn, who came to reside in Taber with his family a short time ago, is ill with appendicitis.

Miss Cooksley has opened her millinery store next to the Blue Front Store. Miss Caldwell is managing the business.

The farm belonging to the Bullock Mining Co., of Taber, averaged 35 bushels of wheat to the acre. There were about 300 acres.

The Council sat as a Court of Revision in connection with the assessment on Tuesday morning the 22nd inst., in the Masons' Hall.

E. N. Harding & Co. are building an addition to their harness shop. This became imperative to meet the demands of their increasing business.

G. J. Loomis returned Saturday from a business trip to Granville, N.D. Mr. Loomis tells us that the crops in Dakota this year are largely a failure.

Thanksgiving Day will be celebrated with a lively game of baseball on the athletic grounds between the Reliance and Taber teams. The game is called for 2.30 p.m.

The dance on Monday night in Cousins' Hall was attended by quite a number of young people, who thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Loomis Orchestra played good music.

A large number of young people attended the Literary Association meeting in Knox Church last Friday evening, and the entertainment was pronounced a success by all present.

The Alberta Drug and Stationery Company are moving into the new brick building owned by Drs. Lang and Leech. We understand that the second story will have rooms reserved for emergency, surgical cases.

Any person dumping refuse or garbage of any kind on the company's property, north of C.P.R. tracks, on sections 31 and 6 and 7, will be prosecuted. Canada West Coal Company, Limited.

The ladies' tea at Knox Church last week was well attended and proved to be an enjoyable affair. This is the first one of a series that is planned for the year, and proved gratifying financially as well as socially.

J. A. Macdonald, architect, of Lethbridge, was in town on Monday inspecting the new Palace Hotel. He expressed himself as being well pleased with the construction, particularly the steam heating apparatus put in by R. Shiels.

Knox Church Choir will give a concert on Monday evening, October 28th, in Cousins' Hall. A good programme, consisting of solos, duets, quartettes and choruses will be given. Admission 25 cents, reserved seats 35c. Proceeds in aid of choir library.

C. LeRoy Kenney, humorist, Bert Harvey, singing comedian, Miss Emma T. Irons, elocutionist, and Miss Nellie Moore, Scottish soprano and pianist, will give a grand concert in Cousins' Hall, Monday evening, Nov. 11th. For full particulars see posters.

General Manager J. Mackinnon, of Sherbrooke, Que., was in town last week inspecting the local branch of the Eastern Townships Bank. This bank is opening many branches on the Crow's Nest line, especially in the mountains. Mr. Mackinnon is on his way to Fernie, where another branch will be opened.

CIGAR SPECIAL.—Call and inspect our finest selected Cigars. Princecess, 4 for 25 cents, or box of 50, \$3.25, a specialty. Also our 3 for 25 cents line: Bobbie Burns, Owe's Clear Havana, Maritima, Rosanetta, etc., etc. The best in town.—TANNER DRUG STORES, South of Track. Quality guaranteed. 35-3t.

Don't forget the Thanksgiving Party on the evening of the 31st in the L.D.S. Assembly Hall, to be given by the ladies of the Relief Society. A genuine good time is anticipated. All are cordially invited. Tickets 75 cents, including a dainty lunch basket for yourself and lady, containing chicken sandwiches, fruit, etc.

Mr. J. D. Nicholson, sergeant in the R.N.W.M.P. at Cape Fullerton, on the northern shores of the Hudson Bay, is this week the guest of his old friend Major Truswell. Some twenty-three years ago Mr. Nicholson was stationed at Micholod, and it was there that the lasting friendship started. Time has brought about many changes, and Mr. Nicholson is pleased to see the rapid strides Southern Alberta has made. Being one of the old-time mounted police he naturally developed a love for adventure, and, though sickness caused his retirement from the force for a time, on his recovery he could not refrain from taking a hand in the Boer war in South Africa. On his return he again joined the force, and for the past three years has been stationed at Cape Fullerton. Mr. Nicholson tells us that the country up as far north as Churchill is composed of fine farm land. North of that it is rough and barren. It is peopled with the Esquimaux and Indians, who make a living hunting and selling their furs to the Hudson Bay Co., who have supply stores at various points. The furs obtained in that northern country are the finest to be procured. We understand Mr. Nicholson, after spending a time visiting his old friends and renewing acquaintances, purposes returning.

Police Court

E. Evans, T. Evans and John Peerle were taken before Justice of the Peace Layton on Saturday night and fined three dollars and costs each. The charge was being drunk and disorderly.

Will Run in Macleod

(Frank Paper.)

Frank H. Sherman, district president of U.M.W.A., is authority for the statement that the combination between the U.M.W.A. and the Society of Equity, formed with a view to placing candidates in the field at Macleod and Medicine Hat ridings in the next Dominion election, is an assured thing, and that he will be the candidate in Macleod riding instead of Medicine Hat, as had hitherto been assumed would be the case.

MAKING THINGS DO.

Willing Sacrifices People Will Make in Time of War.

Not the only heroes of war were those who bore the musket and sword. The women and children who stayed at home and kept up heart in spite of the privations of siege are to be numbered among the valiant. A glimpse of some of the southern domestic economy during the civil war is given by Miss M. J. Webb in her personal recollections printed by the Mississippi Historical society.

Among the glorious achievements of that time the makeshifts at home deserve recognition, for they represent ingenuity and willing sacrifice. As various articles gave out substitutes were found. If no substitute could be invented for an article we simply did without.

Coffee, the southerners' daily beverage, was manufactured from parched corn, burnt corn bread, even burnt molasses. Sweet potatoes cut into small squares, dried, parched and ground were also used. The stimulating effect was lacking, but it was all the better for our nerves. For tea, young raspberry leaves dried were used.

Sugar was a serious problem, and molasses was as precious as sugar. "What shall we do when the present supply of Louisiana molasses gives out?" was a burning question, and the only answer was, "Do without."

Orts were eaten for rice. When we wanted soda we swept the fireplace clean and burned corn-cobs. Mustard and pepper were made of home grown products. Salt was costly. Every bit was shaken off dry pork and used. All brine was boiled down and dried. Still the supply grew lower and lower. Some one discovered that the dirt floors of the old smoke-houses were salt mines, so to speak. The dirt was put in hoppers and run down, the brine boiled and dried.

All new cloth had to be manufactured at home from raw material. The dyestuffs were made from roots, bark, walnuts and indigo. Shoes were rough affairs made from the hides of beavers, cured by the negroes. Buttons were made of coarse thread or perlimon seeds. Caps were cut out of cloth and hats plaited from palmetto.

Letters were written on the blank leaves of books, the wrong side of wall scraps or old envelopes turned and pasted together.

OLD SAYINGS.

Dean Swift is credited with "Bread is the staff of life."

It was Kipling who said, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Franklin is authority for "God helps those who help themselves."

"Man proposes, but God disposes," remarked Thomas a Kempis.

"All cry and no wool" is an expression found in Butler's "Hudibras."

It was an observation of Thomas Southerne that "Pity's akin to love."

Edward Coke, the English jurist, was of the opinion that "A man's house is his castle."

"When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the fog of war," was written by Nathaniel Lee.

We are indebted to Colley Cibber, not to Shakespeare, for "Richard I. himself again."

To Milton we owe "The paradise of fools," "A wilderness of sweets" and "Moving melancholy and moonstruck madness."

The poet Campbell found that "Coming events cast their shadows before."

and "The distance lends enchantment to the view."

His Last Retort.

The story is told of a well known Chicago criminal lawyer whose valuable services were retained by the wealthy relatives of a man accused of murder in a southwestern state.

The case was a bad one, for the evidence was overwhelmingly against the accused. Despite this fact the lawyer acquiesced by the skillful exercise of every trick and maneuver known to the profession to secure the discharge of jury, delays, appeals, etc., till at last the case was brought before the supreme court of the United States.

One day in an interview between the prisoner and his counsel the former asked, "In case the supreme court should decide against me, what will be my next move?"

"To heaven, I hope," was the candid response of the lawyer.

Gent and Geman.

This thing would seem to have come in at first as a mere written contraction. I have found the word layouts in law reports of the seventeenth century, particularly those of Egham and Davis. In Sir John Northcote's "Note Book," Dec. 2, 1640, Lord Gray is described as saying of one Halford or Halford that he is so gent that the memory of divers he kept boys." The cognate word geman can be traced about a century earlier—London Notes and Queries.

Man and Earth.

Nobody knows the age of man on earth. The tendency of opinion among scholars is to the effect that the human advent upon this planet took place many tens of thousands of years ago. John Fiske, backed by other high authorities, claims that man lived on the earth as long ago as half a million years.

Tears.

"On the flight," said a Killarney guide to a party of tourists, "you'll see a cascade called the Maiden's Tears and on the left a cascade called the Widow's Tears," "cause it dries up the quickest."

The Most Desolate Spot.

Perhaps the most desolate spot on earth is a tiny storm swept island in Bering sea midway between Alaska and Siberia. Nearly fifty miles from the nearest land, King's Island is a barren rock, so steep that no beach landing can be found. Here on the southern side, perched like nests above the roaring surf and secured to the rocks by various things, are the skin dwellings of the vulture hunters. Here the sun is never shining, the sea never smooth. Cold, chilly fogs enshroud the place in summer, while the frequent and furious gales that sweep through Bering Strait at all seasons render the narrow summit uninhabitable. Ice locked during nine months of the year, the natives depend entirely upon the seal, walrus and whale as a means of existence. During the brief summer a stray whaler may visit the island for a couple of hours, but this is the sole communication with the outer world.

The King's Islanders are closely allied to the Alaskan Eskimos. They are a fine, hardy race, trained to daily dangers and privations, and are reckoned the best and bravest sailors in Bering sea. The boats of walrus hide will carry from twenty to thirty persons in a mountainous sea.

Strange Fossil.

"I have eaten mutton cooked on a fire of broken mummy," said the sailor. "It was in Egypt, and the mummy was stolen out of a tomb. Then natives is always stealin' mummies. They sell them in pieces to tourists, and what pieces they can't dispose of otherwise they throw into the bin for fuel. Mummy burns like tinder, but it's a ghastly fuel. It is as ghastly a fuel as the above lasts when they burn in the shogokin' town of Lyth, where the old fashioned and discarded sties glow in the grate look to you like amputated human limbs. I been in tannery towns where the fuel is leather or chips. This fuel smells and smokes, it clinkers, too, formin' itself into big, solid chunks what have to be broke up with the poker every little while. In British Columbia, where fish is as plentiful as air, they burn dried fish when there's no wood handy. The oil in the fish causes them to burn well, but the smell of this fish fuel ain't to no white man's taste."

Pawnshop Art Sales.

"One of the most indefatigable painters in Philadelphia has almost exclusively a pawnshop trade," said a pawnbroker the other day while discussing the many tricks of his business. "He has been working this market," he continued, "for almost four years. I believe I was his first customer. He was reduced to the point where his only capital was a lot of pictures that he could not sell. In his extremity he came to me. I advanced him a little money on several pictures, which I was lucky enough to sell. The funny part of it was that the man himself couldn't sell a picture to save his soul. He finally realized that he was deluged in business ideas and confined himself strictly to painting pictures, while I attended to the sales. At last he got other customers in my line, and today he actually makes a living from the pawnshop trade."—Philadelphia Record.

What Alled the Speech.

At the close of one of the sessions in the trial of Warren Hastings when most of the friends engaged had retired in the afternoon Dr. Parr staked up and down the room in his pedantic, pompous way, growling out praises of the wisdom of Fox and Sheridan, but saying not a word about Burke's. Burke, sensitive at this omission and anxious for some commendation from the great authority, came at last contain himself no longer and burst out:

"Doctor, didn't you like my speech?" "No, Edmund," replied Dr. Parr, "but I liked the way you said it. Your speech was oppressed with metaphor, discolored by parenthesis and leilitated by amplification."

His Shaply Seat.

A small Canadian ventured into the room while his eldest sister was entertaining a masculine caller. "Mr. Harris," the youth finally interrupted, "I wish you would take me with you some day."

"Take you with me?" echoed the caller. "Where do you want to go, Bob?"

"I heard Mr. Grant, next door, say you were on the water wagon and he guessed you'd soon fall off. I'd love to help you drive."—Canadian Courier.

Elougent Silence.

There are silences of all sorts, as there is speech of all sorts. There are silences that set one's teeth on edge—it is always a relief to break them; and there are silences that are gentler, kinder, sweeter, more loving, more eloquent than any words and which it is always a wrench to interrupt.—Marion Crawford.

Net to Be Fished.

"He wanted me to order a basket of champagne," declared indignant Mr. North.

"What?"

"I may be ignorant, but I know that champagne comes in bottles."—Washington Herald.

The Bride's Way.

Friend—Is the bride you're working for getting to be a good housekeeper? Cook—No, she hasn't learned to keep out of the kitchen yet.—Detroit Free Press.

The Secret of Human Society. It is only because each man is so different from his fellows that we are able to endure one another's company.—Florida Times-Union.

Lamb Woven Wire Fence

Will sell at Reduced Price to clear out quickly. Now is the time to take advantage

YOU WANT TO SAVE MONEY? SEE US.

J. W. Hill and Son.

\$4,000 Stock

BOOTS & SHOES, CROCKERY, DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

ALL MUST GO AT COST!
25 PER CENT OFF!!

Now is the Chance to get Clothing Cheap.

COME AND SEE

The Blue Front Store

Best Business Lots in Taber and Vicinity

can be had by buying from us

City and Farm Property to Suit all

H. F. Annable

Notice to the Public

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

Attention

Call on us when in need of Doors, Windows and Sashes and all kinds of Mill Work. Mail orders will have our prompt attention

The Medicine Hat Lumber & Manufacturing Co.

Medicine Hat

The undersigned builders and contractors are prepared to furnish plans and specifications for buildings of all kinds and sizes. Address them at the Taber hotel.

McKellar & Wildman

Builders and Contractors

John F. Hamilton

General Blacksmith

Wheelright in connection All work guaranteed

Horse Shoeing and Plow Work our specialty.

R. A. VanOrman

Contractor, Builder

All work guaranteed in every way

Estimates given on all classes of buildings

McLellan & McIntyre

GENERAL BLACKSMITHS

Practical Horseshoers

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Shop Opposite Reliance Trading Co.

HAMMER

THE REAL ESTATE DEALER

Is selling building lots in the water belt at \$50 dollars each on 2500 terms.

Also pick supply of dwellings and acre lots.

THOS. IRVINE

GENERAL MERCHANT

Fresh, clean stock of groceries and dry goods always on hand

MINOT, ALBERTA.

INCLUDING A TIN PEDDLER.

By ARNOLD MORTON.

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Yes, Arthur Blakely was to blame for the quarrel. The rising young lawyer frankly admitted this to his law books and his office desk, and he would have frankly admitted it to Molly Gray but for pride's sake. His transgressions consisted of seeing another young lady off on the train. The "seeing off" meant buying her ticket and getting her trunk checked, and that might have been forgiven had not something else followed. She had to change cars at a junction five miles out, and she was in such fear that she would take a wrong train and bring up in Texas instead of Connecticut that the young lawyer was prevailed upon to accompany her to the station. Of course Molly happened by the merest accident to find it out, and the fact that Blakely had said nothing made a mountain out of a molehill. It was that little trifle that brought about a quarrel and disturbed the center of equilibrium of the whole United States.

Miss Molly was fortunate enough to have two aunts. She was Aunt Rebecca's ward and lived with her in the city, and her Aunt Sarah lived about thirty miles out and had advice, to offer on all occasions, but more especially in cases of love affairs. When this quarrel had lasted a week, and when the young man, after seven sleepless nights, had determined to sink his pride and seek out Molly to follow them in person, Miss Molly was tossing her head before the glass and saying things to herself, particularly that she could show Mr. Blakely what a lesson to last him all the rest of his born days. She'd teach him to buy tickets and check trunks and ride out to junctions with a girl who had once referred to her hair as plain red instead of Titian.

Ten minutes later she had decided to visit her Aunt Sarah. A message was sent ahead, and Aunt Sarah was at the depot to meet her. The niece received a warm welcome, and, following a plan perfected on the train, she forced herself to be unusually gay and appeared in the wanted way. Aunt Sarah had scarcely reached the house, however, when Aunt Sarah patted her on the shoulder in a motherly way and said:

"Now, then, you poor child, let's hear all about it. I want to assure you at the start that you have my entire sympathy."

"Why, aunt, what do you mean?"

"Don't try to fool me, young lady! I'm not your Aunt Rebecca, but your Aunt Sarah. Has that scoundrel told you with your heartstrings and then walked off? When Sister Rebecca wrote me that he had a Roman nose and a study moustache, I set him down for a scoundrel."

The young lady tried to bridle it out, but was cornered and had to tell the aunt as she had. The aunt, who had made it as light for Arthur as she could, but when she had finished her story Aunt Sarah said:

"You have done just the right thing. That young man needs a lesson. You are going to stay right here for the rest of the summer, and he will write, telephone and telegraph until he is gray-headed, and it won't do him any good. The Grays have never allowed any one to walk over them, and they are not going to begin now. If you don't make him get down on his knees and ask your pardon a thousand times over, you are no true Gray."

Molly went to her room greatly dissatisfied. She had had a quarrel with Arthur Blakely, but there were lots of things to be said in his favor, and it was real mean of Aunt Sarah to pitch into him as she had. The young lady presently found herself arguing that she had a perfect right to feel hurt and injured and be a week getting over it. She had brought along his notes and letters, of course. They must be a large bundle. She selected three or four and read them over, and then she had a good cry.

Aunt Sarah had said that the conversation would be resumed next day. Molly woke up with a determination that nothing further should be said. After breakfast she took up her book and hid herself to the hickory grove down in the meadow, and there she remained till the hour blew for dinner. She read a little, she cried a little and she thought a great deal. If she had had the hefty bundle of Arthur's letters with her she might have cried more, but she had none. She hid it behind her and did not wish to go back for fear of Aunt Sarah. As she reached the house she ran upstairs and took over just one letter, and a minute later a scream resounded through halls and rooms.

"What on earth is it?" demanded the aunt from the foot of the stairs.

"My—my letters are gone!"

"What letters?"

"Arthur's letters to me. I left them on the floor beside my trunk."

"Then you'll never see them again. A tin peddler came along about 10 o'clock, and I wanted to look up enough paper bags to buy a dipper. I picked up what I could find, and as I thought the bundle was something you had thrown away I checked it in."

There were other screams, followed by exclamations, tears and a close approach to hysteria, and the result was that a quarter of six hours later Aunt Sarah and Molly drove up the dusty highway as fast as the old horse could gallop. They were looking ahead in hopes of catching sight of the tin peddler.

Those letters must be recovered at all hazards. Failure apparently meant one case of suicide and one of life-long remorse.

Meanwhile, things had been happening elsewhere. Arthur Blakely had finally decided to send that bouquet and to follow it in person several hours later, only to find that the Molly had departed for the country. It wasn't a case where he could go into court and argue it out, but a case of heartache. About the time that Aunt Sarah was picking up paper bags to make her deal with the peddler the young lawyer was leaving the city on the express and preparing his argument for the jury of one. There was, of course, no one at the depot to meet him, and he stepped out in a lively way for the half mile walk, as he did so, a tin peddler came driving along, and one of the wheels of his wagon struck a stone and slewed the vehicle around and upset it in the ditch. The bags of paper bags on top were thrown to the ground, and one of them burst open and shot a dozen letters to the feet of the lover. He recognized his stationery and his handwriting at a glance. Sherlock Holmes could not have invented a more dramatic situation.

"Villain, where did you get these?" Arthur finally demanded of the peddler, who looked at him with a stare.

"Villain yourself! What in thunder sia you?"

"You have robbed a house! You have stolen letters from a girl!"

"Come off. You are crazy."

"I arrest you! You are my prisoner! Here is evidence to convict you!"

There is a difference between the legal business and the constabulary business, and young Blakely soon discovered this. He had only taken the bags of letters by the collar when he was seized himself in return, and as Aunt Sarah and Molly drove up the road he was rolling over and over on the ground.

There were ejaculations, exclamations, explanations and introductions. Mr. Blakely wanted to know what the missing buttons and begged pardon. Molly regarded him with what she intended to be a cold stare, but which was a full-on stare. The peddler was frank and picturesque and said something and to pay for his skinned nose. Aunt Sarah, whose heart was equal to the emergency, she felt the sting of conscience for having laid her sacrilegious hands on those love letters. She suggested that a five dollar bill was the right sort of plaster for a skinned nose, and Mr. Blakely handed it over. Under other circumstances, being in the law, he would not have given it up until judgment had been rendered by a court and a writ of exonerate issued. When once released, Aunt Sarah climbed down from the buggy and said:

"I must go and see Mrs. Williams in that carriage on my number, selected by lot from the ten tribes of Ellis. They entered upon their office ten months before the festival. They were first schooled in the traditions and regulations of the games, then studied the capacities of the athletes while they were still in training. They had to decide upon the qualifications of the contestants, make up the programme of the games, supervise the preparation of the scene of contest, act as judges in the games and distribute the prizes. It was a position of honor and distinction. They came to the contest clad in purple robes, and sat in a tribune opposite the finish of the races in the stadium or hippodrome. They seem to have subdivided the function of judging, but at least three were present to judge in every contest. Their decisions were usually final, but an appeal might be carried to the Olympic senate. They were assisted in the execution of their commands by a large and well organized body of police."

Some weeks later when Aunt Sarah was asked about the rumored engagement of Molly to a young man, she said:

"Yes, I expect it's so, but where would they have been but for me and the tin peddler and the Providence? I shall never let one of these men pass my gate again without at least calling in him and asking the price of wash dishes and nutmeg grates."

Judges of the Olympic Games.

The helmsman, or judges of the Olympic, were a number of men selected by lot from the ten tribes of Ellis. They entered upon their office ten months before the festival. They were first schooled in the traditions and regulations of the games, then studied the capacities of the athletes while they were still in training. They had to decide upon the qualifications of the contestants, make up the programme of the games, supervise the preparation of the scene of contest, act as judges in the games and distribute the prizes. It was a position of honor and distinction. They came to the contest clad in purple robes, and sat in a tribune opposite the finish of the races in the stadium or hippodrome. They seem to have subdivided the function of judging, but at least three were present to judge in every contest. Their decisions were usually final, but an appeal might be carried to the Olympic senate. They were assisted in the execution of their commands by a large and well organized body of police.

Ocean Heart.

The throbbing and vibration of the engines of a modern steamer have a most peculiar effect upon the human heart. Let it be said at once that ocean traveling does not in any way injure the heart; on the contrary, it benefits it, with the general health. But the vibration of the machinery is transmitted to this vital organ with the most extraordinary results so far as the medical examination is concerned. A ship's doctor will tell you that when he listens through his stethoscope to the heart of a man's heart, he is so sure that it is every moment the heart would stop. With sturdy and invalid passengers it is just the same. The heart appears to the doctor as if every beat would be its last. This being the case, it is exceedingly difficult for the physician to ascertain the true condition of the traveler's health, and he is generally resorts to the expedient of slinging his patient in a hammock, where the vibration is considerably lessened, though no doctor can overcome it altogether.—London Answers.

When a Horse Gets Hurt USE Fellows' Leeming's Essence

But don't wait until an animal is injured. GET IT NOW, and you have the remedy that CURES all lameness in horses.

If your dealer does not handle it, send for it.

National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited,
MONTREAL.

Cure for Insomnia

Towne—Sleep well these nights?

Subbs—Like a top—never lose a wink.

Towne—Great Scott! What do you take?

Subbs—An alarm clock to my room, and then set the alarm for half an hour after I go to bed. As soon as it rings I naturally roll over and go to sleep!—Brooklyn Life.

ANEMIA CURED

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Bring Back the Glow of Health by Making New Blood

To had into perfect womanhood the growing girl must carefully guard her health. Unless the blood is kept rich and pure, headaches, backaches and frequent dizzy spells will trouble her. She will always be unable to make any slip into a deadly decline. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is a never failing remedy in building up the blood. Just a short time ago the reporter of L'Avantur du Nord had the following cases brought to his notice. In the town of St. Jerome, Que., there is an orphan asylum kept by those zealous workers—the Grey Nuns. In this home Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are constantly used. For some months two of the young girls in the home were afflicted with anaemia. The symptoms in both cases were very much alike. They were both pale, lost all energy and were subject to headaches and dizziness. When once released, Aunt Sarah climbed down from the buggy and said:

"I must go and see Mrs. Williams in that carriage on my number, selected by lot from the ten tribes of Ellis. They entered upon their office ten months before the festival. They were first schooled in the traditions and regulations of the games, then studied the capacities of the athletes while they were still in training. They had to decide upon the qualifications of the contestants, make up the programme of the games, supervise the preparation of the scene of contest, act as judges in the games and distribute the prizes. It was a position of honor and distinction. They came to the contest clad in purple robes, and sat in a tribune opposite the finish of the races in the stadium or hippodrome. They seem to have subdivided the function of judging, but at least three were present to judge in every contest. Their decisions were usually final, but an appeal might be carried to the Olympic senate. They were assisted in the execution of their commands by a large and well organized body of police."

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The helmsman, or judges of the Olympic, were a number of men selected by lot from the ten tribes of Ellis. They entered upon their office ten months before the festival. They were first schooled in the traditions and regulations of the games, then studied the capacities of the athletes while they were still in training. They had to decide upon the qualifications of the contestants, make up the programme of the games, supervise the preparation of the scene of contest, act as judges in the games and distribute the prizes. It was a position of honor and distinction. They came to the contest clad in purple robes, and sat in a tribune opposite the finish of the races in the stadium or hippodrome. They seem to have subdivided the function of judging, but at least three were present to judge in every contest. Their decisions were usually final, but an appeal might be carried to the Olympic senate. They were assisted in the execution of their commands by a large and well organized body of police."

Ocean Heart.

The throbbing and vibration of the engines of a modern steamer have a most peculiar effect upon the human heart. Let it be said at once that ocean traveling does not in any way injure the heart; on the contrary, it benefits it, with the general health. But the vibration of the machinery is transmitted to this vital organ with the most extraordinary results so far as the medical examination is concerned. A ship's doctor will tell you that when he listens through his stethoscope to the heart of a man's heart, he is so sure that it is every moment the heart would stop. With sturdy and invalid passengers it is just the same. The heart appears to the doctor as if every beat would be its last. This being the case, it is exceedingly difficult for the physician to ascertain the true condition of the traveler's health, and he is generally resorts to the expedient of slinging his patient in a hammock, where the vibration is considerably lessened, though no doctor can overcome it altogether.—London Answers.

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W. N. U. No. 653

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Nose News

It is frequently stated by physiologists that a big nose is a sign of a masterful character. This is, however, by no means always the case. It is true that a big nose is sometimes indicative of firmness and determination, when coupled with a strong jaw and long chin. A big nose with a retiring chin is almost idiotic in the expression it gives to the countenance. But there is something to be said in favor of short noses. The short nose shows wit, imagination, faculty, judgment, discretion. Socrates had a snub nose, and of the lively, imaginative writers in almost any language a considerable proportion are short-nosed people. Long-nosed men may do their share of the world's work, but the short noses write the clever books and the entertaining plays. If Shakespeare had had a nose like the Duke of Wellington it is not likely he would have written "The Merry Wives of Windsor." He might have been a successful theatre manager, but never would have become a literary artist.

Good Digestion Should Wait on Appetite—Have the stomach well cleaned. The nervous system will. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they that the slightest change in the food will cause indigestion. When they become disordered, no better regulator is procurable than "Cure's Digestive Pills." They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

In a Glasgow car was an aged Irishman who held a pipe in his mouth. The conductor told him he could not smoke, but he paid no heed. Presently the guard came into the car, and said, with a show of irritation: "Did I tell you you couldn't smoke?"

"Well, O'm not smoking."

"You've got a pipe in your mouth."

"That's true, but I'm not smoking."

"Replied Pat, 'But O'm not wakin'."

—Christian Register.

She—Where did she get those awful names that she gave to her children?

He—Sounds as though she got 'em off a Pullman car.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

They Met Again.

Why the Sporty Looking Chap Met His

After the sporty looking chap had had breakfast at the little hotel in the Catskills, where he had come for a few weeks' vacation, he started out to run the place called him aside and said:

"I understand you gave my boy a big roll of money and some jewelry to put in the safe."

"Yes, I thought that was the best place for them. You don't mind keeping the stuff for me, do you?"

"Great snakes, no!" replied the farmer as he rubbed his hands and chuckled. "The boy says he's bringing three party heavy trunks with ye."

"Yes! I always travel with plenty of clothes, tennis racket, fishing line, etc. You're no objection to so much baggage, have you?"

"Not a bit of it, sir—not a bit of it!" said the boy, bringing 'leven or twelve with ye. It's kinder funny ye ain't recognized me yet."

"No, I don't remember to have ever seen your face before," said the new arrival.

"Well, maybe my whiskers be a little longer or sunnier, but ye order know me."

"In New York?" stammered the sporty looking chap, he turned pale.

"Yes, that's where ye recollect about me havin' ye \$100 for that gold brick? I knowed ye the minute I seen ye in New York."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Oh, nuthin'. I never raise no fuss unless there's a good occasion for it. The boys says ye jest want to over the scenery count' up the wagon, an' mebbe ye'd like to walk down to the depot an' git some more views on the way. The next train to the city passes there at 'leven thirty, an' if ye start now, while I'm lookin' for the constable, ye'll jest about ketch it. An' don't do no worryin' 'bout that cash of yours, son, as I'll take the best of care of it."

It was a ten mile walk to the depot, but when the 11:30 for New York came along it carried away a footsore and dusty looking individual, who scowled and muttered and shook his fist through the car window as the train started off again.—A. B. Lewis in Judge.

Monte Carlo.

There is only one day in the year on which the inhabitants of Monte Carlo are allowed to gamble at the casino tables. That day is the Prince of Monaco's birthday.

Queen Wilhelmina.

No gentleman to Europe who has wealth to indulge her every wish lives more simply than does Queen Wilhelmina. She rises every morning at 7 o'clock, and at 8 o'clock the members of her household, led by her chamberlain, assemble before her. The queen reads a passage from the Bible to them, and they pray together. Following this she begins the work of the day.

First and Last.

At Land's End, in Cornwall, there is a signpost hanging in front of an inn with this inscription on one side: "The Last Inn in England"; and on the other side, "The First Inn in England."

WHEN YOUR HEALTH FAILS--WHAT THEN?

Better to Guard Against Such an Emergency By Keeping Vitality at High Water Mark By the Use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Good health is the capital of persons who earn their livelihood with brain and muscle.

In these days of strenuous life and keen competition there is no place for tired brains and weak body.

Success is not for the strong and alert—for those whose blood is rich and whose nerve cells are filled with vigor and energy.

It is not pleasant to contemplate what might happen with failing health and for this reason it is well to heed the first symptoms of nervous exhaustion, such as brain fog, headache, nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, failure of memory and loss of power to concentrate the mind.

While Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has succeeded in curing many cases of partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, and the most severe forms of nervous prostration and exhaustion, it is not well to delay treatment until these

stubborn and dangerous diseases set in.

At the slightest indication of waning nerve force begin the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and with a few weeks' treatment you will be able to restore the vitality of your body to high-water mark, remove the cause of nervous disorders, and prevent serious results.

Miss Mary Leitch, Coulton, Simco county, Ont., writes: "When I began the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food my nervous system was all run down, I suffered terribly with nervous headache and sleeplessness. Sometimes I could not sleep for three or four nights in succession. By the use of several boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food these troubles were entirely cured. I am now in excellent health, and I consider this preparation an excellent nerve tonic."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 1 suffered terribly with nervous headache and sleeplessness. Sometimes I could not sleep for three or four nights in succession. By the use of several boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food these troubles were entirely cured. I am now in excellent health, and I consider this preparation an excellent nerve tonic."

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The Broker's Alternative

"It is more than I can bear," he cried in agonized accents.

"Then I suppose we'll have to join the Bull movement," replied his partner.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

Landlord—Sir, the other tenants will not stay in the flat if you insist on playing the cornet.

Mr. Todd—I'm glad that they were very annoying.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

First Motorist—Can I be of any assistance to you?

Second Motorist—Under (his machine)—Yes, sir. The lady in the car is my wife. I'll be obliged if you will kindly answer her questions and keep her amused while I'm making this engine go.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Couldn't Do It

"Tell me the old, old story," she said.

"I can't," he replied; "I have made a vow never to repeat a mother-in-law joke."

The never-failing medicine, Holloway's Corn Cure, removes all kinds of corns, warts, etc.; even the most difficult in succession. By the use of this wonderful remedy.

"That politician declared he never said anything he was sorry for."

"Yes. But that doesn't mean he never said anything he ought to be sorry for."—Washington Star.

Wilkins—What did Blinn say when you asked him if he had read your book?

Miller—He said yes, and added that he "didn't read much."—The Circle.

THE RECORD ADMIRAL FURNACE

fills the demand for a furnace possessing the largest amount of grate surface in proportion to the diameter of the top of the fire pot. It possesses all the advantages of a return flue construction.

The "Admiral" has the largest ash pit of any furnace on the market, thus permitting the free removal of ashes.

Wood or coal may be burned in the "Admiral" furnace.

Write for Catalogue 102

THE RECORD FOUNDRY & MACHINE CO.
Foundries at MONTREAL, N.B. & MONTREAL, P.Q.

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If Your Horse Gets Hurt?

If one of the horses should be kicked—or a knee—strain a shoulder—go lame—have you the remedy at hand to CURE the injury?

Kendall's Spavin Cure

ought to be in every stable and barn in Canada. It prevents all horse troubles from becoming big ones—and takes away all signs of lameness. With a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure handy, you are prepared for accidents that may happen at any time.

"I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure with great success in many cases." M. J. MCKENSON, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

Don't be without it another day. Get a bottle at your dealer's, or for 60¢ per bottle, send for one to the nearest drug store. Write for free copy.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., CHIPPENAW FALLS, VERMONT, U.S.A. 35

CHILDREN THRIVE AND GROW STURDY AND STRONG ON

SHREED'S

It makes good brain, healthy tissue and sound teeth. You can't build "Buster" boys or girls out of white flour bread or pastries.

TRY BISCUIT WITH FRESH FRUITS AND CREAM

Benny's Fortune.



"IT WAS BENNY WHO FOUND THE OLD MAN DEAD"

"GEE, Benny's rich!" "Wonder what he's gonna do with it?" "Josh, he's lucky, but he deserves it all."

These observations came from the various members of the "Bloody Robbers," as they gathered together in Warner's barn and talked of the old hermit, who had just died, and the large sum of money he had left to Benny.

In the first place, Benny was a queer sort of a fellow. He was a "Bloody Robber," which was in itself a sufficient honor for any one person, and he was a cracklerjack of a baseball pitcher; but for all that, there were times when he liked to go off all by himself and get away from the rest of the fellows.

Benny, too, was just as bad one way as "Peekey" Rice was the other way. "Peekey" talked so fast and so often that you wondered how his lips could stand the strain, while Benny was mostly as solemn and grim as an owl, and had very little to say.

It was on one of his lonely expeditions to the mountain that Benny first met the hermit. South Mountain, you know, is just four miles from the town. Benny didn't mind a little tramp like this, and many a time he journeyed thither with his fishing tackle.

On this day he cut a pole, fastened on his line and quietly settled himself to fish on the banks of the clear stream that splashed down the mountain side.

Somewhat, he felt restless today, and when after a half hour had passed and there was not the sign of a nibble, he pocketed his line and trudged further up the mountain side.

An hour or so later he was exploring a part of the mountain which he had never before visited, when he came across a path. It was faint, it is true, but still it was a track of either man or beast.

Benny stood still for a moment. Could it possibly be a bear track? He had heard that bears were still to be found on South Mountain, although he had never seen one.

He determined to go on, at any rate. Cautiously looking about him, he silently continued on his way.

Soon the path grew more beaten. A little later he came suddenly upon a small clearing, in the middle of which stood a neat little cabin.

Benny walked up to the cabin. When quite close he saw, for the first time, that a man was sitting on a bench under the one window.

Although dressed very roughly, he was a refined-looking old man, and greeted the lad kindly.

Benny stopped to chat for a moment and to rest. The old man skillfully drew him out, and the two went on in his love for the mountains and the

fields; the animals and insects; his hopes and ambitions, as he had never done before.

"Any 'Bloody Robber' would have laughed him to scorn had he ventured to so talk of his aspirations to be a naturalist. But there was something in the old man's face that made him feel sure he would find sympathy. He seemed to understand so well.

Benny talked on and on without thinking of the time, until the longfingering shadows warned him to make haste toward home.

"Good-by, sir," he said to the kindly old man. Then he hesitated. "Would you mind very much if I visited you again some time? I'll come alone, you know," he added hurriedly.

Being that the old man did not reply, he said in apology:

"You see, sir, we both like to be in the mountains, away from people—"

He did not finish, for a pained look crossed the face of the old man.

"I beg your pardon, sir, I didn't mean to disturb you, Good-bye," and Benny hurried to go.

"Stay, my lad," said the old man, in his kind tone. "I shall be glad to have you come this way again. Perhaps I may be able to assist you in one or two little ways."

Benny said nothing to any one about the hermit, but he soon formed the habit of often climbing to the little cabin.

The old man talked to him as no one had ever talked to him before, taught him many things about the forest and the birds and animals—everything that grew.

Two or three years of one another. Soon the hermit looked forward with as much pleasure to the visit as did Benny.

Once—only once—did he talk of himself. That was one day when he was strangely reserved and quiet. As Benny was about to go he told him a sad story of how his only wife, whom he dearly loved, had died many years ago; so he had come here to be alone.

"And you look like him, my boy," he had concluded.

It was Benny himself who found the old man dead, as he called to pay his regular visit.

Grief and sadness almost overpowered him as he thought of losing the companion—the only one who had understood him. Even the news that the hermit had left him a large sum of money failed to cheer him.

It was arranged by his uncle and aunt, with whom he lived, that after finishing his school course he was to go to college, after which he could study the science he loved best.

After all, the hermit had been able to assist him in "one or two little ways."

After all, the hermit had been able to assist him in "one or two little ways."

Benny Harris, being rich, reflected their ascent in awe-struck tones.

The Ox and the Frog.

THERE was once a frog, so the old fable tells us, who wished himself as big as an ox. So he swelled and swelled until he burst. Now, this is all a mistake, as I will straightway prove to you.

A frog once sat by the side of a runny pool. (They always call pools runny, you know.) But he didn't sit there very long, nor is he sitting there now.

For he heard a cow browsing near the pool. The frog looked up and heard the swishing of her tail.

"Oh, to be big and grand like a cow!" sighed he. Then, just to keep in practice, he sighed again.

But sighing, as he had, was crying over spilled milk. Besides, he had an idea; so away he hopped to find Mr. Heyward.

It so happened that the fox owned a bicycle. Why he should, I don't know, because you and I know that foxes can't ride.

"Bring out your bicycle pump," said the frog to the fox. And he said a few more things, too. I can't tell you what they were, as I didn't hear them. "I'll be blown!" exclaimed Mr. Heyward, when the frog had finished.

"No, you won't, it is I who will be blown," corrected the frog.

"Very well, then," remarked the fox. Then he took the bicycle pump and began to pump the frog full of air.

The frog was swelling up till he looked like a balloon. He was so full of air that he couldn't get up. He lay there, and the fox came and threw a rock at him. Sad to relate, it hit him, and he burst just like a paper bag.

Moral: Watch out for bad boys.

The Mouse and the Lion.

YOU also remember the story of the mouse, who was once spared by the lion, and who, in return for this kindness, gnawed the cords that bound the lion as he lay in a trap.

He should like to think that this mouse was so noble and grateful, but really, I know better. Indeed, very likely it was a different mouse altogether that rescued the lion.

This is the true story: There was once a mouse (all true stories begin this way) who was a very hungry little mouse. Of course, most mice are never hungry.

And this little mouse wandered along the roadway. When I say "wandered," I mean only he just ran.

After a while he smelt cheese. Most mice, you know, don't like cheese. This one, however, was different.

All at once he came upon a lion, who lay in a trap, bound round with ropes. The ropes of the trap had been placed but a short time before that the lion was caught, and before that he had been used to rope together several big cheeses.

"Little mouse," said the lion, "don't you want to eat these ropes? They're all made of cheese. I won't hurt you."

The mouse gnawed and gnawed. He soon found that the ropes weren't made of cheese, as the lion had said. They did taste good, however, and were very nice to gnaw.

At last the lion was free. He thought for a while as to whether or not he should eat the mouse, but the mouse settled the question by diving into the lion's mane.

Moral: Be sure to keep mice in the house; they might be handy in case you want a lion set free.

Donkey and the Sponges.

YOU'VE heard about the donkey and his load of sponges. Once, as he was crossing a stream with a load of salt, he slipped from the planks that served for a bridge, and you remember that great deal of the salt was dissolved in the water and the load was made lighter. After that he "slipped" often into the stream, until the driver one day loaded the wagon with sponges. Again the donkey fell into the stream on purpose, but this time the load grew heavier instead of lighter, as the sponges became soaked.

Now, this is all right as far as it goes, but the fable never tells how donkey afterward became revenged on his driver.

The story I'm about to tell will give you all this information. It will show you, also, that a donkey knows more than you'd think.

After the donkey was footed with the load of sponges he became very careful. What right had the man to take advantage of him, anyway? He would show him, perhaps not right away; but he would show him some day that no real donkey would stand for such bullying.

"Ah!" thought the driver to himself. "I have cured the donkey of his bad habit." You and I know that he hadn't cured him of anything.

One day the driver filled the wagon with bundles of straw to take to the next village. "Here is my chance," said the donkey to himself.

When he came to the stream he flung the straw into the water, and the wagon rolled down the bank, and every bundle of cork floated away out of the driver's reach.

Moral: Don't drive a donkey where there are streams.

The Quarrelling Pots.

THAT tale about the earthenware pots who picked a fight with the iron pot, and who were smashed to bits, is mixed in a manner that's simply ridiculous.

The earthenware pot knew very well what he was about when he quitted the iron pot to fight, and he didn't get the worst of the fight either. Perhaps you'd like to hear the truth of the matter.

"I'm in for a pretty hard battle," said the earthenware pot to himself. "However, I can move twice as quickly as the heavy iron pot, and I should be able to keep out of the way."

So he did, dodging this way and that. The iron pot didn't touch him once.

After while the earthenware pot drew the other after him, toward the open door. Suddenly he leaped aside as the iron pot leaped forward. There was a great banging and clanging as the iron pot rolled down the kitchen steps, then on down the grassy slope that led to the spring where it sank to the bottom with a loud splash.

The cook heard the noise and hastened to the kitchen, but the iron pot had already disappeared.

Victory belonged to the earthenware pot.

Moral: "It's not always the stronger who wins."

It is sad to believe that there should be so many errors in the fables.

When the old fable of the earthenware pots was told, it was more than a hundred years ago. It was a good story, but it was wrong in every way.

Moral: Be sure to keep mice in the house; they might be handy in case you want a lion set free.

CASTLES IN THE SAND.



TO BUILD castles all day.

It is not work, but just play. "Course, the castles I mean. On the sea sands are mean."

There are castles in air; That we build without care; Some are real, but, again, Others stand, "In Spain."

Many castles one rears— Some stay hours; others years. But the ones built of sand I am sure are most grand.

Funny Glasses

"HURRAH! Hurrah! Going to grandpa!"

Freddie capered around in glee. You would have been as glad, too, had you heard so much about the fine old country mansion; and this was to be only your first visit.

It was a long way, but the ride was so nice that Freddie arrived there almost before he knew it.

The house was so big, with such a number of rooms, that he promised himself a treat going through all of them.

In the parlor Freddie received his first surprise. Looking into a funny old mirror he saw his own face, only it seemed much bigger than usual.

"I'm growing! I'm growing!" he shouted with joy. Then he should have seen him strut about, as proud as a peacock.

But as he passed into the next room there stood before him another mirror. Could that be—no, surely no, it looked like his face. But it was so very small!

All at once Freddie grew dreadfully afraid. Running back through the rooms he found neither and then himself into her lap.

"Muvver, oh, muvver!" he sobbed; "I got big and then I got oh, so little! I'm sure there's witches here!"

Mother gently explained that it was all the fault of the mirror, and that it was the way a glass was made that made him look big or little, or just his right size.

"Then I'm not little like the boy I saw in the glass?" he asked, anxiously.

"No dear, you're my great big man," said mother.

Freddie wasn't afraid of the queer glasses any more, but he never liked to stand before the little one.

Unknown Incident.

A bishop travelling through the wilds of Canada, stopped at a log cabin and chatted with the boy he found within.

"Are there any Episcopallians about here?" he asked.

"Can't say, exactly," replied the boy. "There's a lot of them in the barn the other side, but I don't know whether it was one of them things or not."

A Little Mixed.

Teacher—"Tommy, give me some proverb about a bird."

Tommy—"The early bird."

Teacher—"The early bird gathers no worms."

Couldn't See Him.

"Johnny, did you give the letter to the postman?"

"No, ma'am, I didn't," said he, "he was out of sight."

A Strange Mistake

"EDITH, dear, I know that you'll enjoy yourself better than ever before."

With these words her mother kissed her, and a moment later the train moved away, bearing Edith alone on her journey.

All the way to Greenville she regretted.

"ARE YOU AUNT EDITH?" EDITH, FINALLY MANAGED TO GASP.

the time thinking of the good times she would have among her aunt and cousins, none of whom she had ever seen.

The train drew up at the station and Edith stepped out. To her surprise, there was no one to greet her.

Just then a tattered-looking farmer approached through the station door.

"Is you the niece Aunt Edith's exister?" he asked, without seeming in the least interested.

Upon Edith's reply that she was the niece expected, he muttered, "Come along, then."

She was stowed in a ramshackle old spring wagon in which they bumped along over country roads for a mile or more.

"Then the wagon drew up before a tumble-down old house, little more than a shanty. 'Here you are,' said the man.

Edith stood in the doorway, too surprised to speak or move.

"Well, ain't ye goin' to say howdy," he snapped remarking a slatternly woman who came forward, wiping her hands on her apron.

"Are you Aunt Edith?" Edith finally managed to gasp.

"That's who I be. Ye'd better take all those cussed things off and put on somethin' ye kin wear. Will ye have a bite to eat?"

"Not knowing what to do, Edith stood, not far from tears, when a young man burst hurriedly in upon them.

"Is this Edith Reynolds—I'm Cousin Edith," he asked, "and how are you?"

It was a later train, you know—"all this in one breath.

Edith and her friends all laughed over the two girls who arrived in Greenville on a certain day, each of whom had an "Aunt Edith" and how one girl visited the wrong aunt.

Missed Connections.

A lady stood at the railway station, waiting for her train. Beside her was a little 1-year-old daughter.

Presently a locomotive, with its tender, dashed by.

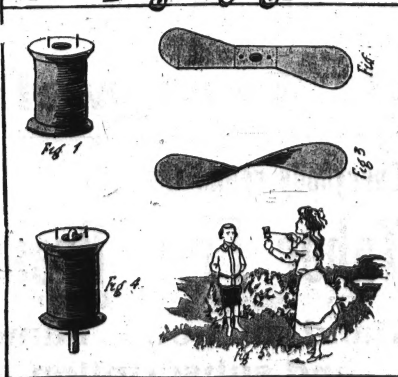
"Oh, look, mamma!" cried the little one; "the engine has missed its train!"

The Truth.

Willie—Do people ever get punished for telling the truth, mat?

Willie—Then I'd like to tell you that I took a jar of jam from the pantry yesterday.

The Flying Spiral.



DETAILS OF MAKING THE SPIRAL

In one end of a spool or bobbin drive two little nails without heads. See that each is the same distance from the hole and directly opposite each other.

Cut out a piece of cardboard, using Figure 2 as a model. Make the three holes in the middle to correspond exactly to the hole in the spool and the two nails.

Twist the piece of cardboard all the way round, as shown in figure 3.

Thrust through the spool a smooth stick. Have it in such a position that the cardboard spiral will rest firmly on its head and the tops of the nails.

Thrust a pin through the stick just below the spool.

Now, if you turn the spool by means of a string, the spiral will whirl around all day long, and spin away up through the air for quite a distance.

More Than a Match

NEAR a quiet English town there lived a farmer who was tremendously strong. The fame of his exploits gradually spread over all England. But the farmer cared nothing for his reputation as a strong man, and would far rather have been left alone.

In another part of England was a man who claimed to be the champion strong man of the United Kingdom.

Hearing of the farmer, he decided to challenge him to a contest of strength.

The farmer was plowing in the field when the champion strong man rode up.

"Sir," said the champion, "I am told that you I have a rival. Will you have a trial with me?"

Without a word, the farmer picked up his visitor and threw him bodily over the hedge, without apparent effort.

Stunned and amazed, the champion slowly arose. He did not care to test the strength of the farmer further.

He had just had abundant proof of it. The farmer, in the meantime, had gone quietly on with his plowing.

After a while he looked up and, seeing the champion still there, demanded: "Well, what else do you want?"

"How can I get home without my horse?" asked the champion hollowly.

Seeing the horse, the farmer threw it over the head as he had his master.

"Perhaps you'll leave me alone now," murmured he.

The other rode away, acknowledging himself completely beaten.

The Right Way.

Professor—Boys, never go into anything head first. Be sure you're right.

Boys—But how about a professional diver?

Cure for Idleness

"DO FEEL so tired," murmured Mabel; "I just don't know what to do with myself."

"Did you ever hear of the rajah who was even more bored than you?" asked her mother.

"No; do tell me about it," pleaded Mabel.

"I will," replied her mother.

"Once upon a time there was a certain rajah, who was tired of himself, the people about him and, indeed, everything.

"Send me some one to cure me of this indisposition," demanded the rajah.

"So three magicians—one of the stars, one of the water and the other of the earth—appeared before him.

"The magicians of the stars brought with him a company of jugglers. But even their antics failed to amuse the rajah.

Then the magician of the sea appeared with a band of musicians. Soothe their sweet music could not even his majesty.

"Suddenly," said the first magician, "Follow me!" cried he to the rajah, and immediately he disappeared.

"Suddenly," said the second magician, "Follow me!" cried he to the rajah, and immediately he disappeared.

"Do thou likewise," said he. "I was not long before the rajah forgot to feel bored, for his mind was fully occupied."

Mabel interrupted her. "I see now, mother, that I'll try to make myself busy, too, so as not to feel tired of myself."

Work for an Occulst.

Occulst—Well, sonny, what can I do for you?

Bob—Got an xystoth nose pulling.

Kear Hardie Knocks Canadian West as a Resort of Gamblers

(Winnipeg Telegram.)

London, Oct. 19th.—Kear Hardie writes of the "insane way the Canadian Government permits gambling in its land."

"Time and again," he says, "I met men who a few years ago were penniless, and now reckon their fortunes in hundreds of thousands of dollars. It saddens one to see a great continent teeming with natural wealth, bled by a horde of unscrupulous speculators."

Kear Hardie declares that settlers, especially in the west, frequently pay from \$300 to \$1,500 for land which was originally bought for as many cents.

Short Talks on Advertising

(By Fred B. Reynolds in Vancouver Saturday Sun.)

Advertising pays—there is no question about that. It has been tried so thoroughly and made so many fortunes that there is no room to doubt its efficacy, nor the necessity of it, where prosperity in business is to be won. While this statement is theoretically true, advertising must be done judiciously and wisely in order to get the best results. The mere insertion of a carelessly written "ad," at casual intervals never did, and never will, create business for any merchant. It's the keeping everlastingly at it—pounding away day after day—that finally wins success and big financial returns.

Now right here is where the advertiser's judgment should cut an important figure. Much advertising is resultless because it is based upon dead merchandise or unseasonable wares that no amount of publicity could possibly move. Here is where the retailer should use his best judgment and not continue thinking that "just anything" will do.

Speaking generally, there are but four characteristics which render goods worthy of being advertised: That they are newly introduced. That they are better value than usual at the price.

That they are superior in character. That they are bargains.

These four characteristics should receive attention in the advertising policy of every store—not all at the same extent, of course, but depending on the character of trade catered to.

A few general hints as to the preparation of "copy" will not be amiss, for in the average store too little attention is given to this very important matter.

In the first place don't try to advertise too many articles at one time in a small place. Introduce what you have to sell, point out its good qualities, show that it is useful or desirable for your readers to buy, and if there are special inducements in price state them in detail. Do not deal in glittering generalities. Particularize.

Don't try to jam in too many large type display lines. In most cases only the heading, the firm name and the price of the article advertised should be displayed.

Use attractive cuts if you have them, but don't for heaven's sake use illustrations that have no earthly reference to the goods advertised.

Advertising alone—no matter how excellent—cannot build up a big trade or make a house great. The business itself must be right. The store should be kept neat, clean and attractive, the stock in perfect condition, the windows dressed frequently and furnished with attractive show cards. These matters and many others that will suggest themselves to the merchants amount of time given to the preparation of copy, will make our advertising productive of excellent returns.

They who believe most in advertising are they who have proved it most. John Wanamaker, Marshall Field and others of the great advertisers have not scrupled to commend it to others, and have confessed that much of their success is due to their faith in printer's ink. The age has been educated to a full appreciation of the value of publicity.

Original Poetry

TRUST.

'Tis easy to trust when the way is bright.

And life goes by like a song.

But oh, to trust when the way is dark.

And everything goes all wrong.

When the sun's bright rays are obscured by clouds;

The air so dense has grown

That the sounds of sorrow, pain and gloom

By passing winds are blown.

Against the harp of a thousand strings

That resound to the depths of the soul;

The minor harmony touching life's chords

Of sorrow beyond control.

Tho' we choose this not in the life we plan

And 'tis far from our heart's desire

The purest gold of the crimble cones

From the hottest flames of the fire.

And the guardian angels nearer draw

As our hearts are yearning sore,

Bestowing on us their gifts of love

Far priceless above earth's lore.

Of life's best impulse we reap reward

That which touches the soul:

Upward and onward we reach our hands

While dearer becomes life's goal.

E. L. CALDWELL.

What Is Man?

Man that is born of his parents is of a few days and full of microbes. He goes to school when a youngster and gets the seat of his pants padded for something he didn't do until he is sick at heart. He growls up like a weed in the back-yard and soon reaches the age when he is composed mostly of large feet, freckles and an appetite for pie. About the time he gets too long for short trousers, and not long enough for long ones, he goes away to college, learns how to monkey with a three-dollar mandolin and play whiskey poker. He comes home a bigger fool than ever and marries a sweet young thing whose pa is supposed to be wealthy, but whom he subsequently ascertains couldn't buy a pair of slippers at a country fair. He worries along for a year, gradually acquiring offspring, until his house resembles a Sunday school class just before Christmas. He froths through the day and loathes awake at nights trying to figure out how to keep himself and his dependent population out of the poor-house. Efforts are rewarded by having his daughters run away and get married, and bring home a nice son-in-law every few days to feast at his board. His sons grow up and call him governor and set him back a five spot every day or two. About the time he has acquired enough lucre to make it worth while for his heirs to quarrel over, he contracts a cold and is hurried away before he has time to have a talk with his family. His sons blow in his estate on bad whiskey and plug hats, and his wife puts the finishing touches on his career by marrying the hired man.—Exchange.

Mitchell will Retire

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 18th.—John Mitchell, the president of the United Mine Workers, announces in the current issue of the United Mine Workers' Journal that he will not be a candidate for re-election as president. He says in his announcement that he does not regard himself as well enough to stand properly to the office. None of the executive officers were in the city today, but it is said at headquarters that Mr. Mitchell will finish his present term which expires Apr. 1st next year. Mr. Mitchell underwent a surgical operation about six months ago, and it is said that he has not fully recovered and that it is possible that it will be necessary for another operation to be performed. He went to Chicago night before last, and expected to go to La Salle, Ill.

Another epoch in the history of the world's progress is marked by the triumph of Signor Marconi, who is now able to send wireless commercial messages across the Atlantic.

DOOR KEYS IN SWEDEN

Curious Custom of Hanging Them Outside the Doors.

HOUSES LOCKED, YET OPEN.

The Dangling Key informs You the Tenants Are Out, but Friends Who Call Are at Liberty to Unlock the Door and Enter and Rest.

When the Swedes go calling, they lock up and then hang the door key on the bell or the doorknob or some other conspicuous place. When they go visiting for a few weeks, bolts and bars are slid into place, and then out goes the key. If the house is shut up for an entire season or a full year, the gayly swinging door key says "Not at home" to passersby.

There is no kicking your heels on the doormat in Sweden while the bell or knocker awakes the echoes in an empty house. Agents, peddlers, friends and relatives all know this message of the door key and seeing it out pass by.

As he is readily imagined, this strange custom has been put to good use in many instances when visitors were not wanted. Instead of telling the maid to inform callers that Mrs. Jones is not at home the mistress says to Jeanie: "Hang out the door key at 3 o'clock this afternoon and bring it in at 5. I don't wish to see any one for a few hours."

About the first of the month in certain districts door keys swing to the door of great numbers and collectors, knowing the custom and also its misuse, scratch their heads in perplexity at this not at home signal.

Many amusing stories are told of creditors sitting down to await the return of their man while the debtor sat on the other side of the locked door and chuckled. There have been instances where a collector has taken the key, unlocked the door and entered the house to be met by the owner, who calmly laughed over his nose. Again a creditor has entered a house in which he supposed the owner to be hiding only to find it vacant and to be caught by the rate master, arrested and made to pay a fine, while the debtor got an extension of time on his bill.

These illegitimate uses of this very old custom of not only leaving the key outside but also putting the door key at the disposal of all who pass, are not discovered at first glance and they are really very much in the minority, for Sweden is pre-eminently an honest land. In and around about Stockholm there is very little need of policemen or strong boxes, for every man, however low down in the social scale, seems to have due respect for another's property.

Although a few of the more suspicious, or the foreigners who have not been brought up in this strange custom of leaving the door key out, may look up with bolts from the inside and use another door for exit when they leave home for an extended visit, the old residents actually leave their homes at the disposal of any who may care to enter.

Friends who call and find the key out-let at perfect liberty to unlock the door, enter and rest a bit before passing on. Strangers seldom misuse the confidence.

The custom started ages ago when it was the usual thing for "holy men" or priests to travel through Swedish villages, stopping to leave their blessing on the households of the neighborhood. These visits were looked forward to with eagerness by the pious Swedes, and it was considered an act of gross disrespect to bar the door, for whatever reason, against a holy man. Consequently if a family left home the key was always put out against the arrival of the priest. Meat and drink were left, and should the holy man stop at a vacant house he entered, refreshed himself, left his blessing in the form of a candle or a bottle of holy water or a bit of consecrated ground and passed. Thus the custom originated, and although these quaint villages have become towns and traveling priests have passed away and the influx of other nations has modernized Sweden and brought the evil of theft with it, the door keys still hang out as evidence of trust and open doored hospitality.

A thief seldom takes down one of the keys and enters, for there is the uncertainty about the absence of the residents spoken of to hold him back, and the knowledge that an exposed door key may merely mean that the owner has stepped across to the store and will return any minute makes tampering with property risky business.

These facts, together with the big one that Swedes are one of the most honest people on the face of the globe, make a custom arise there which would be a foolhardy tempting of misfortune in our "land of the free."

Found an Excuse.

One Reuter a Methodist minister in the south wrote to J. Pierpont Morgan and asked him to subscribe to the erection of a new church.

"Since I am an Episcopalian," Mr. Morgan wrote back, "I can't conscientiously join this Reuter subscription to the building of a Methodist church. Before erecting your new church, though, you are going, I understand, to tear the old church down. For that purpose I gladly include my check for \$250."

To please will always be the wish of benevolence; to be admired, the constant aim of ambition.

The Kindness of the Poor.
The old adage that the poor are the best friends of the poor was instanced in the story of a chambermaid who is a young widow with two children to support. After a lingering sickness the younger of the children died, and the young mother's bank account having been depleted from defraying the expenses of the weeks of medicine and doctor's visits, she was obliged to contract a debt at the undertaker's. After she paid a small monthly installment until the bill was half settled, when one day there came through the mail a receipt for the remainder. The receipt was accompanied by a badly written and blotched note from a scrub-woman in a large uptown hotel, who knew of the trouble, knew the family and the circumstances and in her note explained that she had no family nor near relatives and that she earned enough to support herself and that she wanted to use this surplus money for the little mother, who needed all that she could make extra to support the remaining child. An scrub-woman receive only 50 or 75 cents a day, one will readily appreciate the spirit which moved one kind soul to help another in distress.—Ladies Weekly.

What Words Can Do.
"Any one who swears," declared the bishop of Carlisle, "manifests the best of his vocabulary." The Concord Patriot puts it in this fashion: "People swear because they do not know the possibilities of plain English or have not the skill to manipulate it so that it will yield the amount of force they want. You can do almost anything with common words. No matter how tame and lifeless they look standing in stupid rows as if they didn't know enough to come in, if trained, they can be made to dance like imps, to frolic like faeries, to float angelic on light wings, to glow like fire spirits. They can do things that make the ordinary bits of profanity look like feeble scarecrows stiffened up with a fence stake. The cure for profanity—reformers and educators please notice a note—is merely wit enough to handle your words so that swearing will seem like baby talk in comparison."

When Blondin Was Afraid.
One of Blondin's favorite jokes was to offer to carry some distinguished spectator across the rope with him on his back. Everybody naturally refused, and the great equilibrist, with a genial smile, would say: "If an army of you are afraid I should drop you." But he was hoist once with his own petard.

He was exhibiting in Paris and was about to cross the Seine on his rope. Cham, the great caricaturist, had come to make a sketch. Blondin, recognizing him as often invited him to cross with him.

"With pleasure," replied Cham, "but on one condition."

"And that is," queried Blondin, "that I shall carry you on my back," answered Cham.

"Not if I know myself," answered Blondin.

"Ah," triumphantly exclaimed Cham, "this time, M. Blondin, it is you who are afraid!"

Illustrious Shoemakers.

Shoemaking is a calling which has given the world some very great men. One authority asserts that the majority of cobblers have exceptional brains, that their attitude when stooping over their work leads to a gradual development in the part where the intellectual faculties are seated. Some one has written a book on illustrious shoemakers. In it are Sir Charles R. Rhodul Gifford, the Tertile, Bloomfield, author of the well known "Farmer's Boy," Carey, the orientalist; Admiral Myrns, George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends; John Kitz, the Biblical scholar, and Sturgeon, the electrician. The list of illustrious shoemakers runs into scores.

Rocks That Float in Water.

A geologist who is well up in his business has collected a few different specimens of rocks and minerals that have less specific gravity than water and which will, if tossed into that element, float on the surface. Hubert is one of the best known representatives of that class. The common pumice stone is another example. The rock with the very low specific gravity known is samari, a substance found in an extinct volcano in Danaland. Its atomic weight is 5, or exactly one-half that of hydrogen.

The Sum of Genius.

Men give us some credit for genius. All the genius that I have lies just in this: When I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make is what people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and of thought.—Alexander Hamilton.

Art of Reading.

To get the best out of reading we must begin early and work hard. It is an art like music or painting and demands its stern apprenticeship. It remains true that a man who knows only his own tongue and may think that—Christian World.

She-What Interested you most in your travels, major?

Major-Well, the mummy of a queen I saw in Egypt. It's wonderful how they could make a woman dry up and stay that way.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A fool can talk without knowing what he ought to say, but a wise man's silence is due to his knowing what he ought not to say.—Chicago News.

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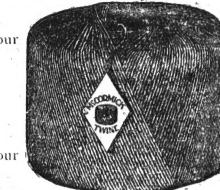
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